

Paris May 6<sup>th</sup>

My dear kind friends

The weary journey is over & Eliza is less fatigued than we feared. The intelligence from Florence comes daily - and is about the same as we last received from Rome. Our Father is sinking gradually. He is confined to his bed & is without suffering. He has daily fever, and while under its influence he is restless & wandering. I am ever for change of place & to begin anew his journeying. But such prolonging his misery is of no avail, calm & peaceful - He speaks serenely of his approaching end, of his past labors & of the future in another sphere of usefulness. Don Sydenham at his request wrote me a few kind kind words. Hannah was just on the eve of sailing from Havre as letters reached her of his condition, which at once changed her plans & yesterday she probably arrived in Florence. And now that Eliza & the rest of us are well established here Robert has written to Desa offering to join the friends about the Diet. but it is very hard to think he will be needed - it will all soon be over. Alas - What a bitter grief it is to us all to be from one beloved friend in this hour - Good



only know. Yet His wisdom has so  
ordered events that - one path of  
duty lay in that direction and we  
try to follow it - in religious trust.

Our hearts are in the same  
stillness as the sick room and  
all this noisy whirl of Paris  
life pass painfully on the soul.

I cannot trust myself to write  
emotionally - I can only give you  
simple facts.

The baggage was a sphere  
me as regards comfort. For it  
was otherwise comfortable & not  
too long. We have found rain  
all the time until we arrived  
in Paris. Eliza's cough is perhaps  
better & her appetite improving -  
but this is very very delicate and  
our hearts are full of anxious fear.  
Yesterday we sat with open  
windows for - to day we have  
one a fire. The three very good  
rooms & all needed comfort about  
us. Mrs William Loring is in the  
house - Mrs Tappan very near &  
to whom wish us to America. Of  
course Mrs Henry's little will  
you have heard. Eliza is writing  
to Mrs May, & the letter is  
intended also for you - so I will  
not repeat the whole story.

The letters from Boston are full



of Sanborn's arrest & rescue. I  
will briefly give the facts for I am  
too sad for much detail. At about  
nine one evening Sanborn was called  
to his door & found two men standing  
there, who entered at once claimed  
him as prisoner & proceeded to put  
manacles on his wrists & to force  
him into a carriage - He stoutly  
resisted & making in the side of  
the carriage while his sister seized  
the officials by hair & head -  
threw her for aid, whipped the horse  
and undid all action on the  
part of the officials impossible &  
finally the horses were driven off  
& Sanborn rescued. Judge Hoar  
issued a writ of Habeas Corpus  
& the discomfited officials found  
where to retreat - from Concord  
Jail, from which revolutionary blood  
was springing into living men and  
women too. Sanborn is now  
indicted for assault on a U.S.  
officer & is bound over to the  
next term of the Supreme Court.  
At his return 800 greeters awaited  
him at the depot and a salute  
was fired. Emerson & others are  
his friends. Some of his friends  
are exceedingly anxious as to the  
final issue for him of this affair  
for he & his wife have been badly  
& great sympathy is expressed.



for him. This is a very meagre  
account, but alas my heart is very  
heavy. My dear friends,  
still think with pleasure of  
your constant-kindness to us -  
I look forward to our meeting  
again, & to a renewal of friendly  
interview in our own dear home.  
Alas how long this - how long  
now, that our dear friends will  
never meet us there.

Love to dear Agatha Lucie &  
to you all. Love from all to all.

You shall always hear of  
any change in Florence - but you  
must pardon me I have  
patience with most sad trifling  
matters. Yours lovingly Sarah.

My dear Mother.